



My old Soul, will you buy a Bowl ?

O Had I but a genius kind,  
 As that Apollo gives thy mind ;  
 A taste so apt, so odd, so single,  
 As thine, for ever on the jingle ;  
 Hence should it be the Mute's care  
 To sing thee and thy wooden ware :  
 But tell me who can vie with thee  
 In the sweet walk of poetry ?  
 Thy mighty power's so great at  
 rhyming,  
 Whate'er we say, thou sure wilt  
 chime in,  
 While with thy ware, still slowly  
 poking  
 About the Streets, thou'rt ever joking.